

The Icelandic Canadian

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Peace To Men Of Good Will

By BERGTHOR EMIL JOHNSON

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This Christmas after the greatest sacrifice, destruction and misery that has befallen mankind, we have an armistice but not peace. And permanent peace is what all people hope and pray for.

After two wars in a generation, people are losing faith in many of our institutions around which we have built up our hopes for mankind. Something must be done to rebuild that faith. One of these institutions is the church. By means of it past generations have sought to foster and promote the values of faith and character in the lives of men, and looking back over history, one must frankly admit the seriousness of many of the failures and dissappointments of the past. But once more opportunity comes to the church to lead and pave the way for peace.

Religion is the continuous quest for a better and nobler life, and the fulfilment of that goal must come through co-operation and good-will. A social order in a true and honest democracy must arise, based on good will and a co-operative spirit, imbued by a true religion and based upon faith in the future. The doctrine of the church as it is preached and our democracy as it is practiced, are poles apart, and until that gap is breached we will have chaos. Religion can no longer be cloistered within the four walls of a church on Sundays, but must be a vital, practicable element that reaches out to all the people all the days of the year. Its spirit must reach out to the individ-

ual in his daily life, his home, his education, his politics, his work, his hopes and aspirations. It must preach what can be practiced in daily life. The church can no longer hold itself apart from the great issues of the day, in small groups, each with its own creed and separate Gods, instead of one great united force for the common good.

Suffering makes kinsmen of us all, and with that common bond we must recognize that the sovereignty of the soul is the supreme law of human life. Once again the voice of God sounds within the secret places of the soul: "Son of man, stand on thy feet, and I will speak to thee."

We must have faith in the future and we must plan for it. Faith in the future means that it is possible to make long range plans and work for their fulfilment. Whoever does some noble work, has faith in the future. Whoever teaches that honor is more important than money or kindness better than brute force, or public service nobler than private gain has the spark of progress and goodwill in his heart.

Peace comes to him who brings it and joy to him who gives it. The foundations of peace and security lie within the hearts of men, therefore the greatest need of the world today is men of goodwill and co-operative spirit, who preach and practice the gospel of religious brotherhood and unity for the common good. May this Christmas bring that peace to earth to men of goodwill.

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Friður á jörðu

Eftir GUÐMUND GUÐMUNDSSON



Friðarins Guð, 'in hæsta hugsjón mín,
höndunum lyfti eg í bæn til þín!
Kraftarins faðir, kraftaverkið gjörðu;
gefðu mér dýrðar þinnar sólarglós,
sigrandi mætti gæddu ljóðin mín, —
sendu mér kraft að syngja frið á jörðu.

Kærleikans Guð, af sál mér sviptu hjúp,
sjón minni birtu lífsins eymsdadjúp,
þaðan sem andvörp þúsundanna stíga!
Sjá fætur þína tærin titra við,
tindrandi augum mæna og biðja um frið, —
friðarins döggr á hrjóstrin láttu hníga!

Spekinnar Guð, lát spádómskraftinn þinn
spakmálum þínum göfga anda minn,
birtu mér lágum það sem hylst þeim háu:
kærleikans undra mátt, — við hljómm og hreim
hörpunnar minnar, láttu af krafti þeim
huggast og gleðjast hina smáðu' og smáu!

Friðarins Guð, eg finn þitt hjarta slá
föðurmilt, blítt og sterkt í minni þrá,
brennandi þrá að mýkja meinin hörðu.
Því finn eg mínum vængjum vaxa flug,
viljanum traust og strengjum mínum dug
til þess að syngja, — syngja frið á jörðu.



Peace on Earth

By GUDMUNDUR GUDMUNDSSON. Translated By JAKOBINA JOHNSON



Lord, God of peace, my spirit's high ideal,
To thee I lift my hands in mute appeal,
Omnipotent, a miracle imploring.
Grant to my soul a vision of Thy light,
Charge Thou my song with Thy compelling might,
That it may rise—Thy peace on earth restoring.

Lord, God of love, unto my spirit show
In all their truth the depths of human woe,
Where—from the groans of multitudes are calling.
Mingled with tears they rise around Thy feet,
Beseeching looks of dying eyes entreat;
'Thy peace on earth, like dew on deserts falling'.

Lord, God of wisdom, with propethic fires
Cleanse Thou my soul, ennoble my desires,
Thy purpose to my lowly heart revealing.
Thy wonder-power of love in song and sound
Call from my harp in rhapsody profound,
The suffering and broken spirits healing.

Lord, God of peace, Thy beating heart impels
Mine own, when that with sweet compassion swells,
Thy mercy for the sufferers imploring.
Wherefore I feel my spirit's wings grow strong
And courage rise to wake my harp in song.
O, may it rise—Thy peace on earth restoring.



Christmas In Art

By GISSUR ELIASSON



Since man first set flint to stone to scratch his primitive images, art has always been a reflection of the mode of living, thoughts, emotions and beliefs of the day which fosters it. The religion prevailing at the time affects art expression fundamentally and indeed one can scarcely understand nor appreciate

the various types of art without some knowledge of the nature and function of the corresponding doctrines and beliefs. Christian art, with which we are better acquainted than any of the other denominational forms had its beginning of course in the birth of Christ, and though the divine nobility of His life

and teachings did not change immediately the complexion of the prevalent works of art, His influence was destined to be the one great perceptible source of inspiration. From out of the confusion of motives and divers pre-existent sources arose the icon and symbol of Christianity. Rosetti the English painter-poet defines this elemental conversion in these beautifully simple lines:

Give honour unto Luke Evangelist
For it was he, (the aged legends
say)
Who first taught art to fold her
hands and pray,
She looked through these to God,
and was
God's priest.

Thence, no doubt, the impulse went directly to the painters and carvers of the catacombs, which were the humble places of worship for the early Christians, thence to the muralists of the frescoes and altar-pieces of the basilicas finally becoming the generative force in the culture of all Christendom.

It is probable that ecclesiastical art reached its crowning glory in the hands of the Italian masters of the 13th to 16th century era. Beginning with Cimabue and his most illustrious pupil Giotto, such famous names as Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo and Raphael to mention only the greatest, are inseparately linked with the sacred art of their day. From the time that the ancient monks, with their devotional craftsmanship and patient labors, had copied the holy scriptures to the glorification of God and the spiritual enlightenment of mankind, the physical properties and technical adroitness of the art of painting had been wonderfully perfected. Instead of the meagre hard-bitten methods of the monk-artists, and their essentially formalized, rigidly-fixed manners of representation, full blooded, realism flowed from the inspired palettes of the renaissance painters alluded to. They were imbued with the humble spirit of St. Francis of Assisi, whose piety was based on the dignity of the human

soul, the brotherhood of man, the immanence of God and the importance of being happy in this world as well as the next.

The theme of the "Nativity" has attracted many painters, among them the greatest who have interpreted it with alluring and gentle beauty, and with power and poignancy. Though these masterpieces vary considerably in their individual conceptions, there is throughout an admirable fidelity to the authentic version of the original Christmas. First came the Shepherds, the simple folks to worship and adore. Next came the Wise Men with their offerings of gold and frankincense; wealth, which one day He would scorn. The Shepherds came in their rough dress and goat-skins to see the Babe in the manger who was to be forever the friend of the poor and the lowly. The Magi led by the star came in magnificence and pomp of color to find before them humility and poverty; disappointed that the kingdom of the new born Saviour was not of this world. The subject as told in pictorial art is full of love, joy, peace, meekness and compassion and ever glows in expression or in color with new and fervent hope.

None of the great pictures fail in suggesting wonder and praise, the spirit of Christmas has inspired and thrilled with new puissance, many supreme painters to indicate the divine source of the gospel story. Take for example the nativity of Botticelli, which is now owned by the National Gallery in London. To appreciate its beauty and significance fully it must of course be seen in its actual colors, but even in the accompanying black and white illustration one can acquire a fair idea of its general conception. It has been described as a rhapsody—an imaginative vision of the joy which filled heaven and earth when the glad tidings broke into the blue and gold of the Syrian sky. All the colors in the picture gleam and glisten, mingle and co-mingle in their paeon of praise, art is "In Excelsis" and the songs of myriad voices rise and fall

in eternal "Hallelujas" to the long awaited, long foretold messiah.

Around the principal figure of the Christ-child stands in reverence, the mother Mary and her awe-inspired husband Joseph, bowed in deep thanksgiving to the Giver of life. Kneeling on either side are the Shepherds and the Wise Men. Low in the heavens, in a rhythmic, joyous chorus, hover the angels bearing the good tidings, three of the figures having descended unto the stable-roof to sing their hymns of praise. In the half-shadows of the background can be discerned the shape of an ox and the ass that carried Mary and Joseph on their journey to Bethlehem. Botticelli has deliberately as was the custom of the day, provided his own setting though he has faithfully adhered to the biblical description of the "Nativity" for the most important details. In the bottom of his painting

he has introduced a contemporaneous religious controversy by showing angels welcoming Savonarola (the Florentine Evangelist regarded by the local church hierarchy as well as the political authorities as a dangerous fanatic) and the two priests who were burned with him. Botticelli had late in life become converted to the passionate faith of this man and desired to show that his tragic ignominious end was rewarded fully in heaven.

The picture is rich in allegorical suggestiveness, marvellous in linear design and ornamentation. This "Nativity" (the last of Botticelli's great masterpieces) has with nostalgic and gentle beauty expressed that spirit of Christmas which burns most deeply, most fiercely and almost prayerfully in the bewildered heart of mankind to-day—peace and goodwill.

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Citizen-Building

By W. J. LINDAL



"Every task, however simple
Sets the soul that does it free".

(Editorial note: In the last issue the author wrote an article which he entitled: V. J. Day and the Atomic Bomb. Readers have suggested that he develop the subject and give indications of some of the steps he thinks should be taken to reach the yet distant objective to which he alluded. The subject is timely and should interest everybody. The author has agreed to comply with the request and write two or three articles which the Board feels confident will provide food for thought and provoke discussion and constructive criticism.)

Shortly after World War 2 commenced, many Canadian citizens, military as well as civilian felt that the usual training provided in the services, though efficient and up to the highest and most modern standards, nevertheless was not quite adequate to bring out all the qualities needed for present day combat. This, it was contended, was especially true in the peculiarly individual yet coordinated warfare of today. The mind as well as the body had to be trained. The servicemen had to be more than an efficient operator of a war machine. His mental attitude had to be such that he combined wise planning and speedy execution with a willingness to endure hardships, suffer pain, and, if necessary, make the supreme sacrifice.

For the purpose of supplementing the generally recognized types of training and providing the purely mental stimulus a series of fifteen lectures was prepared and published by authority of The Minister of National Defence, The Minister of National Defence for Naval Service and the Minister of National Defence for Air. The lectures were called *The Battle of Brains—a course in Canadian Citizenship and The Issues of the War*. The following excerpts from the introduction indicate what the authors of the lectures had in mind:

The series of fifteen discussions in this booklet is intended to aid our sailors and airmen in thinking about our country, our history, our ideals

and our future. This is a citizens' war and a full realization of what citizenship in Canada means will bring a deeper understanding of the issues now at stake. The fifteen discussions consist of five on "Canada", five on "What We Are Fighting Against", and five on "What We Are Fighting For".

Finally, it is the fundamental purpose of this booklet to increase the serviceman's knowledge of, and interest in the war in general. There is no doubt that, if he is thus made to feel that he is taking part in something great and inspiring, he will be rallied to an enhanced interest in his own job, whatever it may be.

Canada will always be proud of the men and women who served in the three war services. They fought bravely, unselfishly. Their spirit was excellent at all times, no matter what they had to endure.

What can be done to instil in them an equally lofty peace time spirit? How can that spirit be engendered in the citizen of tomorrow, yes, in ourselves for the years that remain for us to serve? What assistance from without can be given to the individual to make him feel that he is playing an important role in a free world in which the final objective is permanent peace, happiness and contentment?

If the mental attitude of the civilian towards his job and towards his fellow-

men can be raised to the same high standard of selflessness and team work as on the battlefields of air, land and sea, then a big step will have been taken towards a solution of many of the peace time problems which are piling up all around us. It will assuage the restlessness of the returned man; the tension between representatives of management and labour will lessen; tolerance and co-operation will develop. In that way material will be created for the type of foundation upon which any new world structure for peace and goodwill must rest.

If we are mindful of the designed evil that produced the war just concluded and if we ponder upon present day unrest and weigh the potentialities of the release of atomic energy, we must realize that in the new world we seek to build, there is a responsibility upon us all. Building for peace, within the nation or in the world sphere, is a calling on the highest plane; and it is one in which we all can take a part. Every citizen must learn to feel that in the performance of his task, be it lofty or lowly, he is serving a great cause, in the final analysis just as great as that in which our soldier heroes played their part so nobly.

If this is to be accomplished, a new, a third factor, has to be introduced into our system of education and training.

Roughly speaking, it may be said that training and education have in the past followed two main courses. Both begin with the three R's, reading, writing and arithmetic. At the secondary school level we have a continuation of general education on the one hand and on the other practical arts and sciences, trade schools and apprenticeships. At the university level there is a clearer division: the humanities, such as literature, languages, philosophy, history; the sciences, pure and applied, including engineering in all its branches. Now, the third factor, to which I have already referred, has to be brought in—a study of what, for want of a better word, has been called citizenship. Through instruction and dis-

cussion an effort should be made to impart knowledge and arouse sentiments which will make the individual, no matter what his occupation, a better and more useful citizen.

The humanities, the sciences, sound democratic citizenship—these are the three fundamentals in the moulding of the qualities of mind which are needed in the free world we hope to build and preserve.

The need of the third factor is not new, but its importance is being seen more clearly every day. Dr. A. W. Truman, the new President of the University of Manitoba, has delivered a number of addresses in Winnipeg in which he has made particular mention of the need of training in citizenship. In stressing that education should be "a whole way of life" he has said that the future will demand "a better understanding of international problems and a higher quality of individual citizenship." At the sittings in Winnipeg of the Royal Commission on Veterans Qualifications one of the Commissioners, in a discussion on the need of this type of instruction as part of the re-training for civilian life of the service men and women, referred to it as "the spiritual side of the veteran." Others have called it the moral factor in the education of the citizen.

Two of a committee of three in Winnipeg who were asked to revise "The Battle of Brains" lectures, one a University Professor and the other a High School teacher, were both of the opinion that the subject matter of those lectures should be a compulsory subject in High Schools and junior years at universities. Some phases of this type of study are already on curriculums in most of the provinces. But the instruction should be provided in other places and through other channels. Indeed, every institution and agency for education and training should, I believe, make instruction in citizenship an integral part of its programme. Various types of facilities for such training exist

or are in contemplation at the present time.

There is an immediate duty upon the Federal government to provide for the re-training and the completing of the education of the returned men and women. The Unemployment Insurance Act, 1940, provides that a person may be directed to attend a course of instruction for the purpose of becoming or keeping fit for employment. The Vocational Training Co-ordination Act, 1942, authorizes the Minister of Labour, subject to the approval of the government, to enter into agreements with the provinces for financial assistance, both capital and current, for vocational training. The Dominion government could, if it so desired, insist that in all such training projects instruction be provided of the kind suggested.

The provincial responsibility for education need not be re-stated here. The provinces might well adopt Dr. Truman's interpretation of what should be included in the education of our young men and women. Private trade and commercial schools, adult education groups and discussion forums should be encouraged to include the fundamentals of democracy in their courses and discussions. Finally, the individual citizen, by reading, listening to public and radio addresses, and in conversation with those around him, should equip himself for the responsibilities which rest upon him in this new but troubled world. No matter what our age we all can be students.

It seems to me that enough emphasis has not been placed upon the need of developing the right mental approach, the proper appraising of values. Whether

you call it the spiritual or moral side of training is immaterial; I prefer to call it quality citizen-building. It would appear to be axiomatic that the higher the quality of citizenship in all walks of life, the easier it will be for this nation to solve its own intricate and perplexing problems and in addition make a valuable contribution to world affairs.

Space does not permit me to go into details of programmes. A few leads may be suggested: love of our country and appreciation of its importance in world affairs; tolerance to fellow-citizens whatever their creed or racial origin; democracy, what it means, how to live it; the British Commonwealth, our neighbor to the south; the United Nations, the fabric of the common chord that binds them together; the impact for good and evil of the release of atomic energy.

Studies along these lines, supplementary to ordinary courses, should instil in the mind of the student and trainee a sense of duty and responsibility, a feeling that life is purposeful and lofty. It should make the young; men and women who are embarking upon the voyage of life, realize that they are to become more than farmers, housewives, tradesmen, business heads; more than employees and employers. It should make them value the privileges of orderly freedom, be willing to accept with a smile the duties which that freedom demands. If that can be accomplished then the day may come when every individual can feel that, whatever his calling in life, he is "taking part in something great and inspiring." Citizen-building and nation-building go hand in hand. Both are needed if we are to build for peace.

READERS are invited to send in news of people of Icelandic extraction, especially our soldiers overseas. Original articles and poems as well as translations from the Icelandic would be appreciated. Letters to the Editors may be published. You are invited to let us know what you think of our publication.

THE EDITORS

They Liked Scotland

By A. N. SOMMERVILLE



Editor's Note: The astonishing number of service personnel from this continent who used their leave to visit Scotland, led the editors to ask Dr. Sommerville to give the Magazine some of the impressions he gathered while serving as medical officer in that historic country for a period of almost two years. He was located in the central Highlands (Perthshire, Inverness and Morayshire) and also made weekly duty-trips to Brechin and Montrose. This, together with visits to relatives in Argyle and a month's sojourn in Edinburgh, enabled him to see representative areas of a land once so familiar to the ancestors of the Icelandic people. He was urged to include any remaining traces of Viking occupation which might have come to his attention.

There are many reasons why Scotland was so popular with Overseas personnel during the war years—especially the Highlands. For one thing the scenery is matchless in its wild and startling beauty. The Highlands have long been the holiday haunt of the leisure classes of Britain and are frequently referred to as the Switzerland of the British Isles.

But without a doubt, the greatest attraction is the Scottish people themselves, who are among the most charming and hospitable in the world. Their welcome is famous for its warmth and heartiness and no trouble is too great to take for a guest. They are experts in making the visitor comfortable and happy, be he a jaded son of wealth staying at one of the high-priced, palatial hotels, or a service man with a thin purse, out to see all he can for the least possible outlay.

Consider also that to a lover of literature and of the storied past, a visit to the Highlands is a visit to a shrine. This is Sir Walter Scott's country; and here too, much of the ancient history the Old North Road long the only highway or passage between the north and the south; here are relics of the Lake-dwellers; moss-grown Pictish stones in mystic formation; and cryptic memorials to vanished races.

The lowlands too, have their lure—beautiful Ayrshire, immortalized by Burns historic Stirling on the doorstep

of the Highlands—stately Edinburgh castle and venerable Holyrood Palace—to name only a few of the outstanding links with the past.

The dividing line between the Highlands and the Lowlands runs roughly northeast from Glasgow to Montrose on the east coast. To the north of that line lie the Highlands. Perthshire, the largest county in the area, is uniformly the most lovely. Here are the famous lochs of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*—Katrine and Vennachar, together with the Trossach Hills.

Through Perthshire winds the **Old North Road** for more than a thousand years the main artery between the two extremities of the country. Some of the greatest dramas in Scottish history took place on and about this venerable pathway of men's travels. Those who would could control the country had to command this road. As early as the Roman occupation of Britain, its strategic value was recognized, for the Roman generals stationed a garrison at Dunkeld, its southern approach, to ward off attacks from the Highlands. The Irish Scot, Alpine., the first man to unite the country under a single ruler, continued Dunkeld as a sort of garrison capital, although later kings moved their courts, first to Scone, and then to Perth.

It was along the Old North Road that King Robert the Bruce retreated in 1306 with his handful of survivors in search of sanctuary after the disastrous battle of Methven fought on the very

day after he had been crowned king. This was, of course, before he met up with the famous spider.

The visitor is still shown at what spots on this highway the ill-fated Scottish queen, Mary Stuart, three centuries later spent some of the few happy moments of her reign before her capture by Elizabeth of England.

More generations pass, and down its hard surface swept the Jacobites, bent on restoring the Stuarts to the British throne. Killiecrankie battlefield is pointed out, where the gallant Jacobite, Dundee, fell in the moment of victory. Although this serene and beautiful country is anything but suggestive of battle-lust and bloodshed, one is still shown where the Royalist General Mackay stood deserted and looked in vain for his army which was in full flight before the mad charge of Vicount Dundee's twenty-five hundred **claymores**. This may well be the only instance in history where a general was the lone figure on a reeking battlefield—ignored by friend and foe alike!

Druidical stones are to be seen in the Highlands, where ancient Picts worshipped and buried their dead. In fact, there are hundreds of barrows, standing stones and stone circles in addition to the underground galleries or **weems** built by the Picts and sometimes uncovered by the plow.

Superstition has flourished in Scotland, possibly originating in the fact that the country is so rich in relics left by a people, long since vanished from the earth, and about whose way of life but little is known. Widespread belief in Pixies and Kelpies (Picts and Celts) and numerous other fairyfolk, may have stemmed from this source. Among the enigmas inherited from antiquity are, for instance, many artificial islands or **crannogs**, believed to have been begun by the ancient Lake-dwellers who lived in villages supported above water. Almost every loch seems to boast one or two of these. They were built on piles driven down into the lake-bottom a hundred yards out from the

shore; and eventually the piles, filled in with boulders, supported what passed for small castles. Peat bogs occasionally yield up ancient weapons and other articles.

There are variations in speech in Scotland, just as there are in England, although perhaps less marked. After a time it becomes possible for the visitor to tell where a Scot hails from by merely listening to the way he speaks. There is the correct, formal speech of Edinburgh and Inverness, where they do not **move away** from a district—they **remove**; and where they do not **tire of an** article, but **lose conceit** in it! There is the heavy accent of Forfarshire and the definite broadness of Glasgow, which is surprising in a city whose population is roughly one third Irish by **extraction**.

Broad Scotch, which is basically English, was not officially known as the **Scottis Tongue** until the sixteenth century. In both Highlands and Lowlands, it is spoken with a soft voice which tends to roll the **r**. Enriched and fortified by colorful words from many another language, it is at once both picturesque and graphic.

Many of the words of foreign origin are quite readily detected but others have become so changed and distorted over the centuries as to baffle any but the keenest linguist. Naturally, Saxon words abound, for after the withdrawal of the Romans from Britain, the Saxons overran the Lowlands of Scotland as well as the fertile plains of England. The Gaels (Scottish Celts) who inhabited the Highlands were the architects of many characteristic words and phrases, but perhaps the Vikings have the edge on both in the matter of place-names which have survived. They harried and raided the coasts of Scotland for centuries and at one time ruled a large part of the country as well as the Western Isles.

Visiting servicemen of Icelandic extraction (Norse Viking) from Western Canada and the United States, were particularly interested in uncovering signs of that early occupation by their

ancestors. This is not strange inasmuch as the old Norse tongue of the Vikings is still the living language of the people of Iceland.

So, with blithe disregard for any meaning tradition might have assigned to certain common words and place-names, these visitors went to work to see, if underneath the layer of age, they weren't really **Norse**. Sometimes a slight change in spelling or accent yielded what they hoped for; or it might be only a matter of pronunciation.

Thus, to these delvers into the past; **Argyle**, became **Árgyl**, meaning **river-gully**; **Bruar**, was construed as the possessive form of **Brú**, meaning **bridge**; **Glamis** was assumed to be the possessive form of the proper name **Glúmur** (**Glúms**; out of **Moulin**, they made the old Icelandic word **múlinn**, meaning **projecting mountain**—incidentally, the town of **Moulin** has a projecting mountain in its environment; **Schiehallion**, was worked over until it took the form of **Skyjahöll**, meaning **cloud-hall** or **cloud-palace**; **Dunara** changed shape by merely pronouncing it the Icelandic way, **Dunará**, noisy-river or river with a din; a **loch** could once have been **laug**, meaning a spring, pool of water or bathing place; they explored **Inverness** and came up with **innra-nes**, meaning inner-cape or headland; **Wick** and **Stornoway** became **Vík** and **Stór-norðurey** with very little effort—meaning a **bay** and **Big-north-island**, respectively.

Common words that are similar and which undoubtedly stem from the same

source, abound. The Scot says: **gang tae kirk**, and the Icelander says **ganga til kirkju**; **reek** and **reykur** mean **smoke** in both languages; and in Scotland a **bairn greets** while in Iceland it is **barn grætur**, when a child cries.

The above indicates, to a slight extent, the effect of the Viking invasions on the language. In addition there are some landmarks including a highly ornate monument at Forres, commemorating an ancient Norse victory the circumstances of which are long since forgotten. Not so, however, with the old battlefield at Perth, on the banks of the Tay river, which is still shown to the visitor as the place where the Scots forced the Norsemen to flee for their ships.

This is only a brief reference to a few of the interesting things which may have stimulated travel to Scotland by service personnel from this side of the Atlantic and does not begin to do justice to the subject.

But in conclusion let it be said that having once seen them, no one will ever forget the glory of the Highlands—the mauve haze of dawn—the mist on river and burn—the downtumbling streams treading on the heels of every rain—the snowstorms on the peaks—the larch of fir on the re-forested hills—the birches along the valley bottoms—the beech and plane guarding the roads like sentinels—the parklike estates—the salmon that leap—the warm, welcoming smile of the Scottish people.

REQUEST TO OUR READERS

We again ask people of Icelandic extraction to send us photographs and particulars of men and women in the Armed Services of Canada and the United States.

Up to this time we have had to confine our efforts to groups of three or more in a family, but will now be glad to publish pictures of individuals as well as groups. It is our desire to keep as complete a record as possible, and in order to do so we ask your co-operation. Information and photographs of those killed in action is especially requested.

G. Finnbogason, The War Effort Dept.,
641 Agnes St., Winnipeg, Man.

Tribute To The Fallen

By KRISTJÁN J. AUSTMANN

★

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 We summon up remembrance of things past
 We sigh the lack of many a thing we sought
 And with old woes new wail our dear time's waste:
 Then can we drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in Death's dateless night
 And weep afresh Love's long since cancelled woe
 And mourn the expense of many a vanished sight:
 Then can we grieve at grievances foregone
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore bemoanéd moan
 Which we new pay as if not paid before
 Unless the while we think of these dear friends
 Our losses are restored and sorrows ends.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I offer no apology for bending this beautiful sonnet of Shakespeare's to my purpose. It has fallen to my lot to pay tribute to our beloved dead of this war and the last. That is a solemn and profoundly moving task. And it is a grateful task, and it is gratefully undertaken.

This is the day of Remembrance. But it is only a day, only a moment. Remembrance is much wider and deeper than a day and an hour. Remembrance is of every day and of every hour, and in our dreams remembrance comes too, and the laughing carefree boy we knew comes back. Yes, not only at the setting of the sun do we remember, but at high noon as well and when we arise. But on the Day of Remembrance there is a concentration and a crystallization of our memories and a rededication. There is a searching of the heart and a searching of the soul and a striving at evaluation, a striving to understand,—a rechecking of our understanding, a striving to make sure that it is right. For in our hearts I think we all do understand what it is all about.

After the first War many doubts were awakened. Clever enemy propaganda and overenthusiastic idealists often mis-

led us. Unwise leaders, striving to urge us to greater efforts held out false hopes of reaching unrealistic goals. It was a war to save Democracy, a war to end wars.

We have not been free from this unwise tendency in this war—a war to make a better world,—The Atlantic Charter,—The United Nations—all good worthy ideals, that may or may not be attainable, but entirely beside the issue.

I think in our hearts we all know that this war as well as the last war, was the simple reaction of simple, sane and decent peoples to the bare faced aggression of ruthless robber nations, whipped to murderous frenzy by unscrupulous men who aspired to run the whole world as it best suited **them**. It was the proposition of keeping the iron heels of ruthless conquerors off our necks with all that that means.—The lives, the fortunes, the freedom of every man, woman and child was at stake—no more no less. Everything was at stake that is dear to the heart of man.

It is one of the miracles of the ages that the free peoples of the world were, on the whole, so well informed in world history, and understood their world history so well that they could understand the danger, even when it was

thousands of miles away. When this second war broke out there could no longer be any doubt in any thinking man or woman's heart. Aggression was never before so naked and unabashed.

And this time, more than ever, we have seen what happens to people under the conqueror's heel,—rape slavery and ruthless killings, things so horrible we try to run away from even the thought of them. We can't imagine it; even with the help of eye witnesses, and the marvel of moving pictures we still cannot really grasp it. And we feel—well, it just could not happen here. But Ladies and Gentlemen, it **did almost** happen here. It came so near to happening here, not only once but twice. We missed destruction by a hair's breadth,—let that sink into your souls,—by a hairs breadth! We were saved by the Grace of God and by nothing else. At the time, we had nothing else available. After Dunkirk there was hardly a gun or a shell left in England. The Airforce was hopelessly outnumbered and England stood with naked breast against the Continent. Had the Germans followed through, England would have been overrun as hopelessly as were Belgium and Holland. And then we were next.

But even more immediately, had the Japanese followed through after Pearl Harbor, struck directly at us on our West Coast there was nothing on this continent or around it at that time that could have stopped them. The American Fleet had been crippled at Pearl Harbor. It could easily have been wiped out. Our own fleet was fully occupied in the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. There were no defenses that meant anything on our West Coast. There were no defenders. And the same was true with our good neighbors to the South. We could not even have stopped them at our Rocky Mountain Barriers. The determined foe could have swept through to seize the passes before we could muster adequate defenses. We have three of these passes in Canada, but there was not a gun or a man along them. They were elsewhere. With our

great industrial plants in the East, thousands of overland miles away, we should not have been able to turn the tide of aggression before the line of the Red and Mississippi Rivers had been reached. The big battles would have been fought right here where we are now. I think it is very important that we realize this, because this was right on the cards. Yes, it almost, so astonishingly almost happened here that one can only marvel at the miracle that it did **not** happen.

And it did not happen, because God in His Wisdom made man so, that his imagination, great as it is, is hedged, limited and cramped by his own experiences, and consequent outlook on life. The Germans and the Japanese had been for so long, and so intensely engrossed in the accumulations of arms and the study of, and training for war, that they found it impossible to conceive that any nation could possibly be left, by first losses, as utterly defenseless as we actually were. I don't know how else one can explain this amazing phenomenon. This astonishing failure happened to both our major enemies. It was the only thing that saved us. The enemy actually knew from their espionage how defenseless we were. There is no doubt that they had the facts and figures right before them,—all the necessary facts and figures. But their militaristic minds could not actually believe them. Their imagination failed them. They were so steeped in the traditions of arms and armies that they could no more grasp our utter defenselessness than we are able to grasp and understand the ruthless savagery, the brutalities and horrible cruelties that seem so natural to them.

It was only by the Grace of God that the mirage of easier conquests arose before the eyes of our enemies. France looked so temptingly easy to the Germans, and then Russia. The rubber and oil and tin of the South Seas looked easier to the Japanese and they followed the mirage of easy conquest. That was what saved us, and proved

their undoing. We were given the breathing space and time that permitted us to mobilize our fighting forces, and our workers, to train them and to convert our factories to the uses of war. To marshal our nations for total war.

It would be wrong indeed, wrong to the point of wickedness for us ever to expect or even hope that God would do such a thing for us again. Certainly we should have to show some mighty new worthiness to make such an act of Grace justifiable.

It was to meet this cruel and ruthless foe who was overwhelming us much more completely than he really knew, that our boys went forth. That was the call of duty, and they responded, God bless them. And how they have responded! And how magnificently they fought we know, but just how much it cost them in weariness and pain and suffering of body and spirit, only those who have been through it can ever really know. Our imagination fails us as it failed our foe, because we have not had the experience of that sort of thing. We grasp but a thin shadow of the reality. Now we see some of the ravages of war in the maimed and the crippled who came back. And we see now coming back the well and the unscathed, who have been through the crucible of war, have fought the good fight in all its bitterness and misery, and who have fought through to a victorious end. We welcome them as from the dead. Our hearts are full of gratitude and joy, and we welcome them with open arms.

We miss those who do not return. We know that they have fallen. We set aside a day that is dedicated to them. We set aside two minutes of that day when we cease from all activity and stand with bowed heads in reverent recollection, and in reverent rededication.

And we are sad and downcast. We loved these men, and we wish it had not had to be so. We feel that they never had a chance in life, and we wanted them to have had a chance. We wanted them to have a chance

to make something of themselves, to do something in life, and so we grieve because we feel they did not have a proper opportunity.

I think, Ladies and Gentlemen, that in this we are wrong. And I think if they could, they would tell us so. We grieve because they did not have a chance to make something of their lives,—in the way we have been accustomed to see life; the young man with ambition striving to make a place for himself, striving to get on in the world, striving to become a worthy man in his community, and a useful citizen. That I think is the crux of our mistake. There are many ways of making something of our life.

When we look into the heart of youth, what is it that we find? What are the hopes and ambitions that we find there? In all of them there is the aspiration to do something that is **worthwhile**. Some think they can achieve it by making money. Some that they can achieve it by healing the sick and the lame. Some think they can achieve it by shepherding the souls of their fellow men who tend to stray, or shaping the course of their community or their country. Yes, in each one there is the ambition, the aspiration to do something that is worth while. And what is it that is worth while?—**Something that is worthy to be remembered by their fellow man**. In every youthful heart there is that striving and yearning to do something worth while, something worthy to be remembered. All our whole lives are spent in that endeavor. Most of us fail. And often, so often, even with fifty years more of life, so many fail to achieve that which their youthful hearts so ardently aspired to. The disillusionments, the heart breaks are so many, and that great something is never achieved. How many of us, who had some part in the First War, and who were spared, do not look back and compare our achievement in these latter years with that of those who fell. The question has often risen in our minds,—did they really miss so much after all?

Yes, life is sweet and we want to try in our own way. But look at what they achieved! "Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friend." And they did just that. Greater honour can come to no one before God or man than that he be remembered for such a deed.

These fallen comrades of ours achieved more, in the brief span of life that was allotted to them than most of us could reasonably hope to achieve in the long long years of life that followed. They made more of their lives often in a few moments than it is given to the multitude of us to make of ours in the fulness of our years. They succeeded in doing something that was worthy to be remembered, and that something more worthy to be remembered than anything else in the world. For these lives were laid down as the gold, the currency, the purchase price that was paid for our freedom from slavery in the full, horrible meaning of that word, the price that was paid that we might retain our lives, our liberties and our children, the price that was paid for everything that we hold dear in life. They paid it for us.

Greater achievement is not possible on this Earth by man, and I am sure that in the secret heart of every soldier there is a feeling very near to envy, of those who were of the privileged. For there is no doubt about it whatever—there is a real element of privilege in having been one of those that were called to this high destiny, the privilege of laying down his life for his friend in a cause that was great and right and just.

Whether this becomes a better world or a worse world, whether we win the peace or lose has nothing whatever to do with this issue. They saved us, and they did it successfully. Whatever happens, they did not die in vain. They gave us another chance.

"If **thus** the while we think on these dear friends

Our losses are restored and sorrow ends."

And to remember them we congregate tonight. To crystalize our thought and to rededicate our effort. We have stood with bowed heads and humbled hearts, and I am sure that we have felt the presence of them near us, as I am sure we all of us often do. We are aware of them and of their nearness:

"To you from falling hands we throw
The torch be yours to hold it high"

Remembrance alone is not enough. It is the way in which we remember that counts. The words and the spirit of Remembrance must be given the substance and the body of action done. These men when the call came, left many things undone that they had hoped to do—loved ones they hoped to provide for. As we feel, and have felt them near us, so I am sure in this we have not, and shall not fail them. As we stay aware of them, we will see to it that their tasks here are completed, and we shall carry on the Torch as they would have us to do.

In Canada the fields are fair
And flowing breezes fill the air

And fleecy clouds float in the sky
O'er singing birds, whilst up on high
Their longing spirits linger there.

They died o'er seas, so far from where
Is everything for which they care;
Those wistful bones will never lie
In Canada

But list, Canadians! Should a prayer
Those life-lorn lips bequiver, dare
We heed? Can our hearts that cry
Intune, or might it, unkenned, die—
God, in Thy Grace, keep us aware
In Canada

Adventure

(S. J. S.)

★

I'll be back in three months, Ingibjörg Sveinsson told her friends in 1935 when she left Winnipeg on the first lap of a journey which was to stretch into ten years before she again saw the city of her birth. Her destination was Iceland.

She was just out of high school; it was still the middle of the **Depression**; and her friends thought her a very lucky girl, inasmuch as few of them could even find a job, let alone finance



Ingibjörg Sveinsson

a ticket across the Atlantic. In fact, they imagined that her father must be a wealthy man with money to fling about. But they were wrong in that. Bjarni Sveinsson had quite simply just wanted to give his bright young daughter some gift which would always be hers to cherish, and he had chosen for her a trip to the land where her forefathers had lived for a thousand years. The memories of such an adventure

could never be taken from her, he argued, no matter what befell.

At that time no one could foresee the eventfulness of the ten years that lay ahead—that the peoples of the world would rain destruction down on each other—that predatory nations would terrorize and threaten all civilization—that the tables would turn and leave them the broken and the hunted—that the young of the earth would shed their blood in millions for ideals of freedom that are as old as man—that our youth would acquire skills unknown before and would travel skyways to the ends of the earth—that Iceland would reach the long road of its struggle for independence and score its goal—that the long sought secret of the atom would be found, only to constitute a threat to the very survival of the human race!

Had she known all these things and all the dangers and difficulties of the road ahead, Ingibjörg Sveinsson would have gone on her trip just the same for the wanderlust is in her blood.

She fell head over heels in love with Iceland and the Icelandic people, so much so that she enrolled shortly after her arrival, as a student-nurse in the training school of the state hospital at Reykjavik. There may have been a moment of dismay when she found that all the text books as well as lectures and examinations were in Danish, although the entire staff of both hospital and training school was Icelandic. But she took the matter in her stride and held her own with her classmates.

The course was four years covering surgical, public health, maternity sanatorium and psychopathic nursing. Her degree is good wherever nursing is on a standardized basis, and she is probably the only Canadian girl to obtain her "**R. N.**" in Iceland.

Following graduation, Miss Sveinsson was matron for two years of the 30-bed state hospital at Húsavík. There are several such hospitals in Iceland, most of them new and all have the most modern up-to-date equipment.

Early in 1941, Miss Sveinsson and one of her Icelandic class-mates answered England's call for nurses. The blitzing of London was at its height, and although shipping lanes between Iceland and Britain were under constant attack by German submarines and planes, the two girls braved the journey.

For eight months they worked long hours at the Royal Waterloo hospital in London. During and after the bombing raids they, along with everyone else, had to disregard weariness and to work on until they were **out on their feet**. This took its toll and was by far the most strenuous time in her ten years' absence. What with the loss of sleep and rest and meagre diet, both girls lost weight to a serious extent.

About this time the other nurse met

and married a young Norwegian officer at Newcastle and eventually, Miss Sveinsson signed up with the Norwegian Hospital at Holland Park, later being transferred to the Liverpool area. Again she had to learn a new language in order to carry on, this time Norwegian! The change was very much for the better, easier work and better food, the Norwegian fleet freighting its own supplies in from America.

Asked what she considered the high adventure of her ten years abroad, Miss Sveinsson answered without hesitation: **seeing and knowing Iceland.**

When she finally got back to Canada late last summer, she found that her parents had moved to Keewatin, but that won't make a great deal of difference, for her **itching feet** have taken her off already on a fresh adventure—this time to the Brooklyn hospital where she hopes eventually to specialize in surgical nursing but she does hope it will not be necessary to learn still another language!

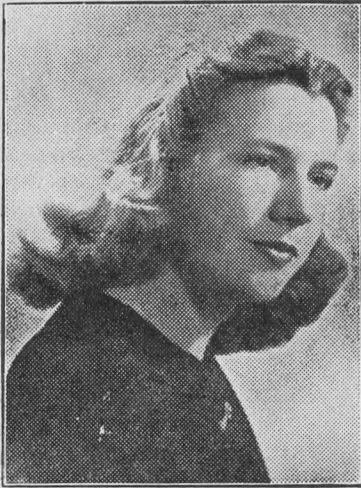
Agnes Sigurdson



"A musician or an artist if he or she is to succeed, must have, along with a brilliant technique, a deep understanding, a soul that encompasses even the greatest of technical masterpieces. Agnes Sigurdson, who presented a recital in the concert hall of the civic auditorium Wednesday evening, has both of these in good measure. Highlighting the programme was the Schumann Carnival which, from the opening fanfare of chords to the stirring and triumphant march finale, was a perfect combination of technique and poetic imagination. The work grew in proportion as it progressed until, in the finale, Miss Sigurdson reached near perfection

in all phases of pianistic art."—Winnipeg Tribune, January 11th, 1945.

"MacDowell's much-neglected Norse sonata was a good test, either as representative of the composer almost at his greatest, or as demanding from Miss Sigurdson no small part of her resources. Her reading of the fine old work, the integrity of which is unblemished by the passing of time, was, in its entirety, a splendid accomplishment. From an unsmudged opening, she proceeded to erect a tonal edifice often touched with grandeur of style always concentrated in its power, and technically most effective in the close weaving of the sonata's



AGNES SIGURDSON
A.M.M., L.M.M.(Man)
L.R.S.M.(London Eng.)

texture."— Winnipeg Free Press, February 20th, 1945.

"The mark of her excellence was the manner in which she passed from Bach to Mendelssohn, to Debussy, Liszt and finally, Rachmaninoff, extracting from each the essence of their thought and placing it clearly before her listeners. Her Sonata in B Minor, by Liszt, was a wise choice. Such was the breadth of conception that the piece seemed more like a sketch for a symphonic poem than a piano sonata in the accepted sense of the term. Miss Sigurdson conveyed the enormous rise and fall of the music. From the first phantom tone of the bass melody, with its mood of

impending tragedy, through all the tantrums and orgies of dynamic, down to the last decrescendo."—Winnipeg Tribune November 30th, 1943.

"The young artist, of Icelandic heritage, displayed pianism molded upon richly-hued, majestic lines. Ability to color tones was an asset put to best interpretive use in the Beethoven Sonata, Op.10, No.3. Throughout the playing was stamped with taste, with an aristocracy of phrase, a feeling for line and a command of beautiful tone that mark the thoughtful, sensitive musician."—Winnipeg Tribune, Oct. 6th, 1938.

Such then is the story of ten years of musical development told in unbiased criticism by competent musical critics, who as well as we all here in Winnipeg know, call, "A spade a spade." — Musicians will perhaps more than others agree that such progress is almost phenomenal. On the other hand this article does not intend to suggest that the mastery of four major piano works places Miss Sigurdson in the front rank of pianism, that would be absurd, but it does show abundant promise of a brilliant career. As the first big step in that direction is the eight months course of study in New York under the noted teacher Olga Samaroff, that Miss Sigurdson is now taking. Her many friends and admirers await the return of this talented young lady with eager interest, shared of course in a much greater degree by her parents Mr. and Mrs. Sigurbjorn Sigurdson, of Winnipeg.

—P. B.

Johannes Einarson



The viking spirit has often been misunderstood. To many it has been associated with pillage and plunder, kidnapping and conquests. But that was only a very temporary and at times a necessary manifestation which disappeared with the Viking Age while the spirit was preserved in the people who migrated to the distant lands. In essence the viking spirit is a noble trait: it combines an impatience with the present and the known with a restlessness to reach out into the new and the unknown; it creates an enthusiasm which enables the individual to give of his best in the strange surroundings and the new fields of human effort into which the urge from within may take him.

Johannes Einarson of Calder, Saskatchewan is typical of the true viking.

He was born in Iceland on June 19, 1863. His schooling was very limited as Iceland could not at that time provide for public school education. But that did not deter him or indeed other Icelandic boys and girls of that day. A neighbor taught him to read, (*að stafa*) when he was only five years old. For two winters he studied with a minister and for part of another winter he received instruction from an itinerant teacher. This meagre foundation has, however, been supplemented by a wide and varied reading which, together with a most remarkable memory, make him a truly well educated man.

In his boyhood days in Iceland, Johannes looked towards the sea. He became a fisherman and while still a young man took charge of a boat. But even the expanse of ocean around Iceland could not satisfy the spirit of this young man. He heard of America and in 1889 sailed across the Atlantic. The following year he took a homestead in one of the newly opened settlements of the North West Territories. The homestead, where he has lived ever since, is about

sixteen miles north of Churchbridge which was then the nearest town. Many years later, the C. N. R. pushed through Russell to Yorkton; Calder, a town on that line, is eight miles from the homestead.

The new community, in a strange land, became at once the constant care of Joe Einarson—no less indeed, than his own home and family. In 1892 he took part in organizing Local Improvement Districts and for a while was Overseer in one of them. In 1910, when the recently formed Province of Saskatchewan mapped out the rural areas into municipalities, he became a reeve and served in that capacity until 1917 and later, as well, for a few years.

Back in Iceland Johannes Einarson had become interested in the co-operative movement which was fast gaining a foothold in all the Scandinavian countries. The year after he settled on his homestead he took part in organizing a co-operative in Saltcoats—the first of its kind in Western Canada. In 1898 a creamery was established in Churchbridge and Mr. Einarson was for a number of years chairman of the board of management.

But it was the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool which interested Einarson the most. Here was an adventure on a large scale, a new unexplored field. Joe rushed in with the enthusiasm and impatience of a Viking explorer. He followed every step, became thoroughly acquainted with all phases of this huge organization and was the first delegate from his district to attend annual meetings and continued to serve in that capacity for twelve years. At these meetings he made valuable contributions to debates and because of his clear understanding of cooperative principles and detailed knowledge of Pool bylaws and regulations he was often able to correct others who in office were his superiors.

As was to be expected, Johannes be-

came interested in politics and has followed all public questions very closely. He was in the van in the old Progressive movement in the three Prairie Provinces and when it had served its purpose he found it a little difficult to take a strong partisan view. The man and the particular question, rather than the party, have of late received his support.

With his wide reading and his interest in all public affairs, of the community, national and international, Mr. Einarson profoundly impressed men in high position with whom he came in contact. A leading barrister and political figure in that part of Saskatchewan once told me that he had met very few men who were as versatile as Einarson and as ready to refer to a rule or give a quotation to prove his point.

As the Vikings of old, such as Gunnar á Hlíðarenda, Johannes soon developed a deep patriotism for his new homeland, without shedding what was of value and indeed part of himself from his original island home. That can be seen best in his loyalty in the two world wars, reflected in constant patriotic work at home and the voluntary enlistment by five of his sons. Three served in the last war, the oldest, John, being killed in the battle of Passchaendale.

Icelandic hospitality—old as the

people themselves—has always been lavished upon the guest in the Einarson home. The late Sigurlaug Einarson who married Johannes back in Iceland in 1886, for fifty-eight years shared with him the joys and the cares of their lovely home. In the early days the main road from Russell to Saltcoats passed close by and their house became a stopping place for hundreds of travellers. No one was ever refused food or shelter. The poet could truly say of the Einarsons:

"Let me live in my house by the
side of the road
And be a friend to man."

If I were asked what is the outstanding characteristic of Johannes Einarson, I would say that he is a thinker. Not necessarily a philosopher but one whose mind is constantly groping about in the storied past and widening horizons in the living present. All his life he has thirsted for knowledge; he has fastened upon what he thinks is good for his fellow-men.

Though the infirmities of old age are creeping upon this pioneer of the west the mind is still alert. Joe's thinking is unimpaired.

—W. J. L.

Richer and Better Canadian Heritage

By HON. J. S. McDIARMID

Minister of Mines and Natural Resources



Through the medium of such publications as the Icelandic Canadian we are given an indication of the contribution being made by various ethnic groups toward the development of a richer and better Canadian heritage. It is perhaps by referring to a particular group's attainments in the fields of literature, art and culture that their value as citizens is most frequently measured. These things in themselves are valuable criterions, but it should not be forgotten that in a nation as young as Canada, other indications may be equally valuable for purposes of measuring progress.

Thus it should be remembered that the rich and proud tradition of nations such as Iceland can add immeasurably to the mosaic-like pattern which is even now being woven into something distinctively Canadian.

It should be remembered, too, that the effects of these in the everyday walks of life are adding to the development of this Canadian nation. In the long run, nations stand or fall on the record of their commercial success, and that in turn depends on the industry, co-operation and ingenuity of the individual citizen. On that basis, is progress being made in Canada?

We need look no further than our own Province of Manitoba to find a satisfactory answer.

The trend toward diversification of Manitoba's economy has been increasingly apparent in recent years. To a large extent this mirrors the Province's progress during the past several years from an area predominantly dependent on specialized agricultural development to one which measures its increasing stature by the expansion of its industrial importance as well.

The diversity of the commercial enterprises now contributing to Manitoba's economic welfare is as widespread as the nationalities represented in the Province's heterogeneous population. In many branches of industry, tradesmen, artisans and workmen from a particular nation have formed the nucleus of an enterprise that now draws its rank and file workers from the same national category as those whose talents gave rise to the industry in Manitoba in the first instance. In other cases, it has taken the combined skills of the people of many nations to ensure eventual success.

It is from instances such as these that we can hold out high hopes for the future development of our Canadian nation. We have had the experience of pooling our common purposes and our mutual aims under the banner of war, and have come through with colors flying. In the process we have gained a broader understanding of each other, and a clearer vision of what we can achieve, working together. We have a better idea of what is meant when we speak of a 'richer and better Canadian heritage,' and a deeper appreciation of the part that can and will be played by various national groups in achieving that goal.

To A Returned Soldier



So you're out of the army soldier,
Yours was a job well done,
You fought it out with the rest of the boys
Until the war was won.

Let us pray that this is the final fight
To root out aggression and defend the right
To freedom from bondage, from want and fear
When all are secure with their loved ones near.

Nina Halperin



Come In Dear Son



Come in, dear Son!
Come here to the fire's side
That holds the heart's warm
Welcome, and our blazing pride.

Come in and see:
Your place is staunchly kept.
(As though we did not fear;
As though we had not wept!)

Now is your time for living—
Our love will make it so;
And laughter, bouncing from
The walls, will never go!

Forget those other days boy,
We had a war to win—
That's gone. Now welcome home,
Dear Son! Come in, come in.

Catherin F. Curtin

OUR WAR EFFORT



Rfn. Gisli Gislason

Stwd. Kristinn Gislason

Gnr. G. H. Gislason

RFN. GISLI GISLASON—Born at Steep Rock, Man., May 10, 1919. Enlisted in Aug. 1941 in C.S.R. Now serving in Holland.

STWD. KRISTINN GISLASON—Born at Steep Rock, Man., May 11, 1926. Enlisted in Jan. 1945 in R.C.N.V.R. Now at sea aboard H.M.C.S. Joliette.

GNR. GARDAR HOLM GISLASON—Born at Steep Rock, Man., March 13, 1921. Enlisted in October 1942 in R.C.A. Now stationed at Dundurn, Sask.

SONS OF MR. & MRS TH. GISLASON, STEEP ROCK, MAN.



L.A.C. STANLEY BJÖRN JOHNSON—Born in Winnipeg, Man., May 22, 1921. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Jan. 1943. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Björn G. Johnson of Vogar, Man.

SGT. SIGURDUR DALSTED—Born Sept. 10, 1912. Entered the U. S. Service Apr. 1942. Posted for active service in the Pacific June 1944. Son of Mr. & Mrs. John Dalsted, Backoo, N. D.



A.B. Ted Goodman



L.A.C. Paul Goodman



C.P.O. Leo Goodman

A.B. TED GOODMAN—Born Sept. 10, 1923 at Wynyard, Sask. Enlisted in the navy in May 1943 at Regina, Sask. Trained at Esquimalt, B. C., and Cornwallis, N. S. Served seventeen months aboard H.M.C.S. Restigouche, which took an active part in "D" day operations. Volunteered for South Pacific duty and is at present taking special training at Cornwallis, N. S.

L.A.C. PAUL GOODMAN—Born Aug. 9, 1919 at Wynyard, Sask. Joined the Central Manitoba Flying Training Schools in June 1940 and worked at No. 14 and 34 E.F.T.S, as engineer. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. in Aug. 1943. Trained at Regina, Sask., and St. Thomas, Ont. Now stationed at No. 2 A.N.S., Charlottetown, P.E.I.

C.P.O. LEO GOODMAN—Born Nov. 12, 1915 at Kandahar, Sask. Enlisted in the navy as electrician in May 1942 at Winnipeg. Trained at Esquimalt, B. C., and Hamilton, Ont. Served 23 months aboard H.M.C.S. Truro on patrol and convoy duty in the North Atlantic.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. G. A. GOODMAN, WYNYARD, SASK.



Cpl. Olafur M. & Pte. Hallur Finney

Cpl. OLAFUR MARINO FINNEY—Born at Bay End, Man., April 4, 1917. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. August 1942. Trained at Brandon. Now stationed at Patricia Bay, B. C.

Pte. HALLUR FINNEY—Born at Bay End, Man., Aug. 14, 1911. Enlisted in Canadian Army September 1943. Trained at Winnipeg, Cp. Shilo, Port Alberni, Wainwright. Was in the Polar Bear Force this winter. — Now stationed at Fort Osborne, Winnipeg.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS.
W. A. FINNEY
BAY END, MAN.**

**P.O. J. G. Grimson****Pte. Margret Grimson****Sgt. Albert Grimson**

P.O. JOHANN G. GRIMSON—Born Nov. 25, 1913 at Vancouver, B. C. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. Oct. 21, 1943. Trained at Edmonton and Winnipeg. Now serving as instructor at Paulson, Man.

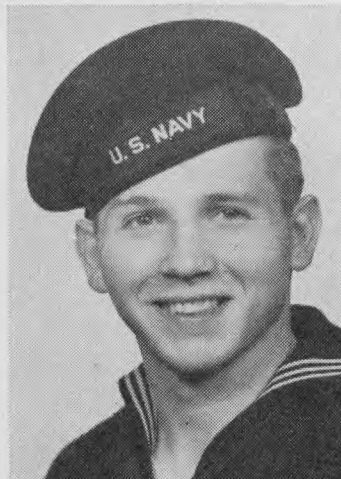
PTE. MARGRET GRIMSON—Born Jan. 5, 1919 at Vancouver, B. C. Enlisted in the C.W.A.C. in June 1943. At present stationed at Vancouver, B. C.

SGT. ALBERT GRIMSON—Born at Vancouver, B. C. March 2, 1916. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. June 1940. Trained at Edmonton and MacDonald. Graduated as Air Gunner June 1942 and posted overseas. Reported missing, now presumed dead.

PARENTS, MRS. S. GRIMSON & THE LATE SWAIN GRIMSON, VANCOUVER, B. C.



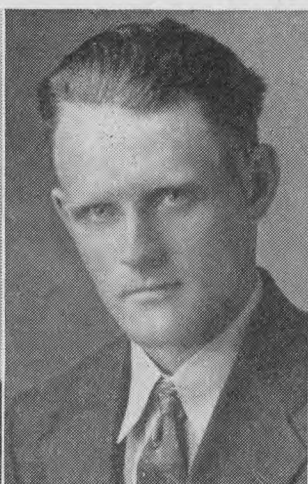
L.A.C. EMIL ALBERT JOHNSON—Born at Cypress River, Man., April 17, 1918. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. July 1941. Trained at several points in Eastern Canada. Now stationed at Rockliffe, Ont. Son of John Th. Johnson and Salome (Danielson) Johnson at Vancouver, B. C.



A.M.M.2/c HAROLD H. ERICKSON—Born in Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 10, 1923. Enlisted in the U.S.N.A., trained at Faragut, Idaho and Memphis, Tenn., now serving at Whidby Island, Wash. Son of Mr. William and Mrs. Regina Erickson of Minneapolis, Minn.



Sgt. Einar Nelson



T.4 Paul Nelson



P.F.C. William Nelson

SGT. EINAR NELSON—Born Aug. 25, 1923 at Akra, N. D. Entered the United States services in Oct. 1942. Served as Radar Operator on B-29. Reported missing January 1945.

TECH. 4 PAUL NELSON—Born July 29, 1916 at Akra, N. D. Entered the United States Service July 23, 1942. Went overseas in Sept. 1944. Now serving in Germany.

P.F.C. WILLIAM NELSON—Born Aug. 9, 1918 at Akra, N. D. Entered the United States service in Feb. 1942. Went overseas in Sept. 1942, and was killed in action on Luzon in the Philippines, February 1945.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. PAUL NELSON OF AKRA, N. D.,



S/Sgt. John B. Sigurdson



S.2/c Stephen F. Sigurdson

S/SGT. JOHN B. SIGURDSON—Born at Gardar, N. D., Aug. 15, 1924. Enlisted in the U. S. Army Air Force Feb. 1944, at present serving in Italy.

S.2/C CTEPHEN F. SIGURDSON—Born at Upham, N. D., Jan. 20, 1927. Enlisted in U. S. Navy Nov. 1944. Training in Radiomans Service School, Bambridge, Md.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. EMIL T. SIGURDSON, EDINBURG, N. D.



Lt. j.g.) Carl J. Freeman



Sp.(S)2/c Esther B. Freeman

LT. (j.g.) CARL J. FREEMAN—Born in Upham, N. D., July 3, 1912. Enlisted in Feb. 1944. Trained at Ft. Schuyler, Bronx, N. Y. Attended Naval Training School, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., and studied communications. Posted to the Naval Air Station at Astoria, Ore. Now serving in Iceland.

Sp.(S)2/C ESTHER B. FREEMAN—Reported to active duty in May 1944 with the Women's Reserve of the U. S. Navy. After training, was assigned to the U. S. Naval Powder Factory at Indian Head, Maryland. She holds the rating of Specialist "S" Second Class (Sp. (S)2/c).

DAUGHTER AND SON OF MR. & MRS. GEO. FREEMAN, BOTTINEAU, N. D.



SGT. ELMER H. JOHNSON—Born Oct. 27, 1904 at Winnipeg, Man. Enlisted in the R.C.A. in May 1940. Left for overseas July 1942. At present attached to C.M.H.Q., London, England. Son of Mrs. Oddny Johnson and the late William G. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man.



SIG.T.O. LINCOLN PAUL SVEINSON—Born Jan. 27, 1925 at Winnipeg, Man. Enlisted in R.C.N.V.R. Jan. 1943. Served on the high seas. Now returned and discharged. Son of Minnie Sveinson and the late Paul Sveinson, formerly of Wynyard, Sask., now of Winnipeg.

**Spr. M. F. Johnson****Pte. J. Harold Johnson**

SPR. M. F. JOHNSON—Born in Winnipeg, Man., March 31, 1913. Enlisted Mar. 1944 with the infantry. Trained at Simcoe and Ipperwash. Transferred to R.C.E. Aug. 1944, trained at Petawawa. Went overseas in Dec. 1944. Served in Holland and Belgium. Now with the C.A.O.F. in Germany.

PTE. J. HAROLD JOHNSON—Born Dec. 22, 1916 at Winnipeg, Man. Enlisted in the R.C.A.M.C. Jan. 1942. Trained at Camp Shilo, Man., and Sussex, N. B. Posted overseas July 1943, and has been serving in Europe since 1944. Is now in Holland.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. HELGI JOHNSON, WINNIPEG, MAN.



LT. N.S. LAURA G. EINARSON—Born at Arborg, Man. Enlisted in R.C.A.M.C. Feb. 1944. Embarked for England May 1944, served in Belgium and is now stationed in Holland. Daughter of Mrs. Vilborg Einarson and the late Thorsteinn Einarson of Campbell River, B. C., formerly of Winnipeg, Man.



CFN. LEO AUGUST EINARSON—Enlisted in R.C.O.C. Dec. 4, 1941. Trained at Kingston and London, Ont. Went overseas in July 1943, and left for Italy in fall of that year, where he was stationed till March 1945. While in Italy he transferred to R.C.E.M.E. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Albert Einarson, Lundar, Man.



Tpr. John Goodmundson



L.A.C. W. H. Goodmundson

TPR. JOHN GOODMUNDSON—Born at Elfros, Sask., Dec. 3, 1920. Enlisted in the R.C.A. Tank Division May 15, 1942. Left for overseas 1943 and is now in Holland.

L.A.C. W. H. GOODMUNDSON—Born at Elfros, Sask., Sept. 2, 1924. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. Nov. 1942, in Saskatoon. Now serving overseas.

**SONS OF MRS. SIGÞRÚÐUR GOODMUNDSON AND THE LATE
JOHN H. GOODMUNDSON OF ELFROS, SASK.**



Ldg. Wren MARGARET GRACE FINNS-SON—Born at Churchbridge, Sask., June 25, 1922. Enlisted in Jan. 1944. Trained as Paywriter at Galt, Ont., and Cornwallis, N. S. Served at H.M.C.S. Nonsuch, now stationed at H.M.C.S. Protector, Sydney, N. S. Daughter of Mr. & Mrs. K. G. Finns-son, Winnipeg, formerly of Churchbridge, Sask.



CPL. FREDRICK B. BJÖRNSON—Born at Bru, Man., March 15, 1916. Enlisted in R.C.A. April 7, 1942 and trained at Portage la Prairie and Camp Shilo, Man. Joined the Pictou Highlanders in Jan. 1943 and posted to Newfoundland. In Jan. 1944 he was posted to Bermuda where he now serves. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Gisli Björnson, Glenboro, Man.

**Cpl. Frederick J. Vatnsdal****F.S. Walter G. Vatnsdal**

CPL. FREDERICK J. VATNSDAL—Born at Fishing Lake, Sask., July 12, 1921. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. Jan. 1941. Trained at St. Thomas, Ont., as mechanic. Posted overseas in Aug. 1944 and has been serving in Burma. Is now home.

F.S. WALTER G. VATNSDAL—Born at Fishing Lake, Sask., June 15, 1918. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. Feb. 1941. Trained at Dafoe, Sask., and graduated there as a Air Gunner in May 1942. Posted overseas in June 1942, and served in the European theatre till May 1943. Since then he has been stationed at McDonald, Man., and Labrador. Is now about to be discharged.

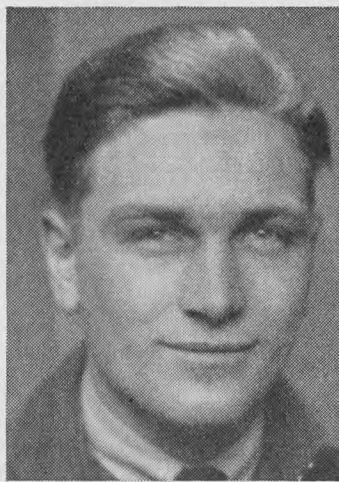
SONS OF THE LATE MR. & MRS. BJÖRN VATNSDAL OF KRISTNES P.O., SASK.

Since their parents death these boys have been brought up by

Mr. & Mrs. Hannes Peturson of Winnipeg, Man.



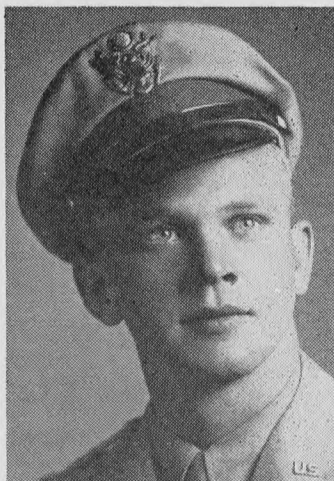
JOHN G. BJORNSON—Born July 2, 1915 at Baldur, Man. Joined the R.C.A.S.C. Aug. 1941. Trained in Winnipeg, Quebec and Debert, N. S. Went overseas August 1942. Has served in France, Belgium, Holland and is now in Germany. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Geir Bjornson, Selkirk, Man.



CPL. GUDLY ARNASON—Born April 10, 1921 at Leslie, Sask. Enlisted Aug. 1940 in Sask. Horse Regiment. Served in England and Western Europe, wounded twice. Returned to Canada Sept. 1945. Son of Arni Arnason and the late Mrs. Johanna (Thorsteinson) Arnason, Kristnes, Sask.



Lieut. (j.g.) Gwen Albert



Lieut. Wm. Alfred Albert, Jr.

LIEUT. (j.g.) GWEN ALBERT—Born in Winnipeg. Graduate of Univ. of Washington. Entered the Navy in Nov. 1943 and received her Wave officer training at Smith College, Northampton, Mass., and further specialized training at Mt. Holyoke College. Has served as Communications Officer since March 1944, and is now stationed at Treasure Island, San Francisco, Cal.

LIEUT. WM. ALFRED ALBERT, Jr.—Born in Winnipeg in 1922. Was a student at the University of Washington at time of enlistment in Army Air Force in June 1942. Received his wings and commission in Nov. 1943. Has served in South Pacific as heavy bomber pilot. He was awarded the Air Medal, and was reported "Missing in action" October 24, 1944.

**SON AND DAUGHTER OF MRS. ALBERT AND THE LATE
W. A. ALBERT OF SEATTLE, WASH.**



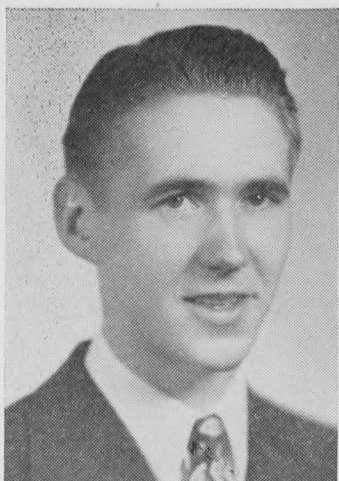
Zanetta C. (Purdy) Johnson

**ZANETTA C. (PURDY) JOHNSON,
U.S.M.C.W.R.**

★

She is a daughter of the late Oscar T. Purdy and Mrs. Einar Petersen, of Averett, Wash. She went into war service May 17, 1943. Took her Marine Corp training at Camp Le Jeune, North Carolina. Was stationed in Washington, D. C., for approximately a year and a half. Then transferred to Seattle and is now serving there as hostess to travelling service personell in Seattle.

Zanetta is a grand-daughter of the late Mrs. Sigurdriif Maxin, formerly of Selkirk, Man., and also of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jon Dalsted, formerly of Selkirk.



S/Sgt. John Wilmar Hall



S/Sgt. Bjorn Oliver Hall

S/SGT. JOHN WILMAR HALL—Born at Edinburg, N. D., April 4, 1926. Enlisted in U. S. Navy June 1944. Stationed in U.S.S. Commencement Bay, San Francisco, Cal.

S/SGT. BJORN OLIVER HALL—Born at Edinburg, N. D., March 13, 1920. Inducted in U. S. Army March 26, 1942. Posted to the South Pacific July 1942. He was hospitalized March 1945. Returned to the United States May 1945.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. JOHANN S. HALL, EDINBURG, N. D.



A.B. BENEDICT H. GILLIS—Born Dec. 10, 1923 at Wynyard, Sask. Enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. in June 1943. Trained at Saskatoon, Cornwallis and at Niobe in Scotland. Served on H.M.C.S. Humberstone. Now stationed at Saskatoon, Sask. Son of Mrs. Snjólaug and the late Joseph Gillis, formerly of Wynyard, Sask., now of Winnipeg, Man.



PTE. FINNUR FINNSON—Born at Howardville, Man., Aug. 11, 1911. Enlisted in the R.C.A. Jan. 1944. Posted overseas in Feb. 1945, where he has been serving since. He is the fourth member of his family to see active service overseas, his three brothers having gone before. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Guðjón Finnson, Selkirk, Man.



Pte. J. G. H. Cooney



Sgmn. A. H. Cooney

PTE. J. G. H. COONEY—Born in Winnipeg, Man. Enlisted with the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders Sept. 1939. Trained in Camp Shilo, Man., and Toronto, Ont. Posted overseas in Nov. 1940. Wounded at Dieppe in 1942, and again in France, in 1944.

SGNM. A. H. COONEY—Born in Winnipeg, Man. Enlisted in the R.C.C.S. in July 1942. Trained at Portage la Prairie, Kingston and Hamilton. Posted overseas in March 1943 and served in Germany.

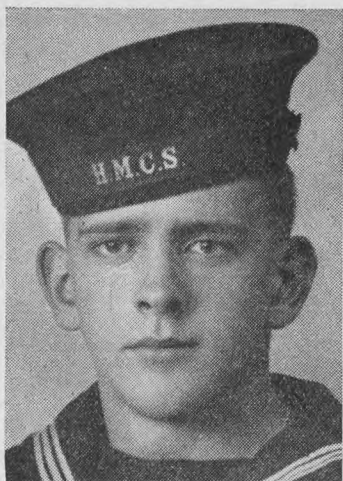
SONS OF HENRY AND JOHANNA COONEY OF WINNIPEG, MAN.



CAPT. JOHN F. JENSON—Born on March 23, 1908. Lieutenant in Cranbrook Artillery before going overseas in June 1940. Trained in England and was sent to Italy with 11th Canadian Infantry, where he was severely wounded and hospitalized. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Geo. H. Jenson of Agassiz, B. C.



2nd LT. FREDERICK V. THORSTEINSON, M.A.C.—Born Jan. 16, 1920. Enlisted in U. S. Army in Aug. 1942. Trained at Camp Barkley, Texas, Davis-Monthan Field and Tuscon, Ariz. Went overseas with 251st General Hospital in Jan. 1945. Son of Mr. & Mrs. K. Thorsteinson of Seattle, Wash.



Trevor George Paul Johnson



Alexander Louis Johnson

TREVOR GEORGE PAUL JOHNSON—Born at Winnipeg, Man., June 3, 1926. Volunteered Aug. 1, 1944. Trained at H.M.C.S. Chippawa, Winnipeg and H.M.C.S. Cornwallis, Ont. Completed Radar Plotter Course at H.M.C.S. St. Hyacinthe, Que. Volunteered for Pacific war May 21, 1945.

ALEXANDER LOUIS JOHNSON—Born at Winnipeg, Man., June 11, 1910. Volunteered with C.D.C. April 1942. Trained at Huntington, N. Y. and No. 6 Depot, Halifax.

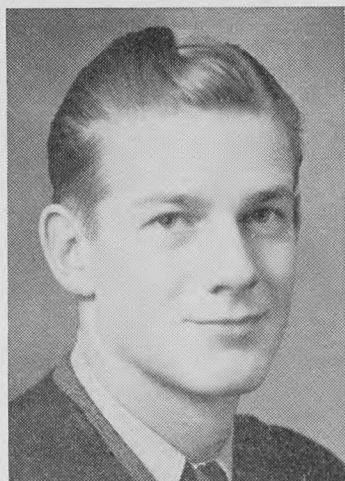
SONS OF MR. & MRS. ALEX JOHNSON, WINNIPEG, MAN.



1st LT. ELEANOR SIGRIDUR MYRDAL—Born at Grafton, N. D., Aug. 12, 1921. Enlisted in Army Nurses Corps in June 1943, receiving basic training at several hospitals in the U. S., until sent overseas in 1944. Served in New Guinea till April 1945. At present stationed at Halloran Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y. Daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Steini Myrdal, Edinburg, N. D.



SGT. FREDERICK ARTHUR VOPNI—Born May 27, 1925 in Toronto, Ont. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. Jan. 1943. Trained in Canada and went overseas in May 1944. Served with 425 sqd. and completed over 20 operational flights. Was posted back to Canada in June 1945 preparatory to service in the Pacific theatre. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Fridrick B. Vopni of Toronto, Ont.



Sgt. Harold Einarson

F.O. J. W. EINARSON

Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in July 1940. He trained in Canada and was posted overseas as a bomber pilot. While a Flight Sgt. he was awarded the D.F.M., later receiving his commission and the D.F.C. as further recognition of his ability and courage. He was reported missing early in 1944 and later presumed dead.

These brothers were born Nov. 20, 1920, and were the sons of the late Mr. & Mrs. H. B. Einarson, formerly of Elfros and Wynyard.

In Memoriam

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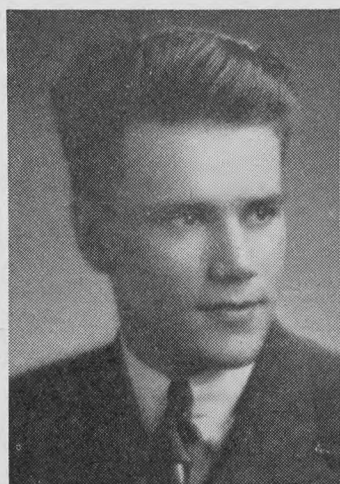
Twin Brothers Killed In Action

SGT. HAROLD EINARSON

Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in the Fall of 1940. Trained at Yorkton, graduating as a pilot in Sept. 1941 and posted overseas in Oct. of that year, where he was attached to the R.A.F. He was reported missing on operations in Sept. 1942, and has now been presumed dead.



F.O. J. W. Einarson



S.Sgt. Laurence T. Benson

STAFF SGT. LAURENCE T. BENSON

age 20, was born in Chicago, Ill. He entered the U. S. Service in March 1943. Trained at Ft. McClellan, Ala., and the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Embarked for overseas service in Sept. 1943. Served in France, Holland and Germany. Was killed in action Nov. 1944.

Son of Mr. Alexander and Mrs. Kristbjörg (Oddson) Benson of Chicago, formerly of Winnipeg, Man.

LIEUT. GORDON A. PAULSON, 22, severely wounded at Falaise, Aug. 8, 1944, died in the service of his country June 28, 1945 in Winnipeg Canada. He was the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. G. A. Paulson of Winnipeg, Man.

Picture appeared in March 1944 issue.

Three Icelandic Legislators

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In the last provincial election in Manitoba, three Canadians of Icelandic extraction were elected. They are:



Dr. Steinn O. Thompson, was elected member for the constituency of Gimli. He was born in Winnipeg, son of Sveinn and Sigurlaug (Tómasson) Thompson. When very young he moved with his parents to Selkirk, Man., where he received his public school education. He graduated from Wesley College in 1914. He served overseas in World War I. He graduated in Medicine in 1921 and has practiced in Riverton, Man., since graduation.

He is married to Thordís, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Gunnsteinn Eyjólfsson of Riverton, Manitoba.

★ ★ ★

Chris Halldorson, was elected member for the St. George constituency. His parents were Halldór Halldórson and his wife Kristín Pálsdóttir from Ísafirði Iceland. Chris was born at Lundar, Man. He served overseas in World War I. He has an automobile agency and operates a service station at Eriksdale, Manitoba.

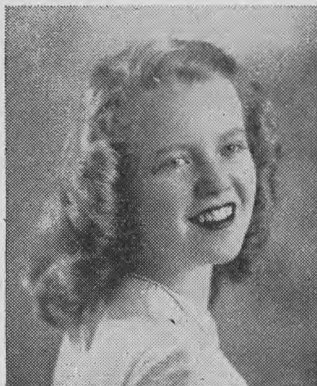
He is married to Guðlaug, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jón Eyjólfson, Lundar, Manitoba.



G. S. Thorvaldson, K.C., re-elected member for Winnipeg. Mr. Thorvaldson was born at Riverton, Man. Son of Sveinn Thorvaldson and the late Margret Sólmundson Thorvaldson. He graduated from the University of Saskatchewan in 1922 and from the Manitoba Law School in 1925. He is a member of the firm of Andrews, Andrews, Thorvaldson and Eggertson. He is married to Edna Schwitzer daughter of the late John Edward Schwitzer and Mrs. Schwitzer of Winnipeg.



In The Halls Of Learning



Joyce Thorkelson



Irene Sigurdson



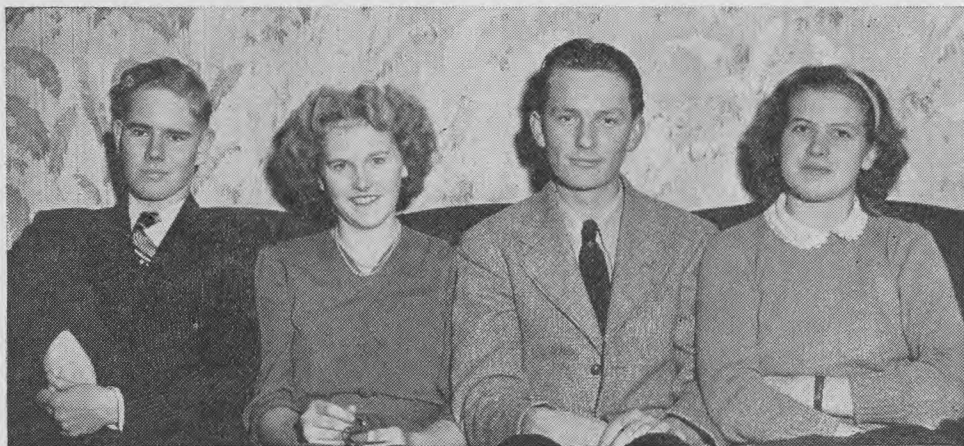
M. A. Stevens

Scholarships were given in Manitoba this summer to ten students of Icelandic extraction. Gimli Collegiate was particularly well represented with four scholarship winners. They are:

Joyce Irene Thorkelson, \$650, daughter of August Thorkelson and Jonina Larusson Thorkelson. Joyce is now taking first year Home Economics at the University of Manitoba.

Irene Thorbjörg Sigurdson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Björn Sigurdson, received an Isbister scholarship and a Manitoba scholarship worth \$650. She is in first year Science.

Margaret Ann Stevens, daughter of Norman K. Stevens and Margaret Skaptason Stevens, received a Manitoba Scholarship of \$650. She is taking first year Home Economics.



Frederick Bergman

Lilja Sigvaldson

Clifford Amundson

Thora Stefanson

Frederick Willard Bergman, son of Gunnlaugur F. Bergman and Frances Martin Bergman, received an Isbister scholarship. He is now taking first year Science.

Two students received the David Stuart scholarship which pays them \$2,100. over a period of five years. They are both taking second year pre-medicine. These two students are:

Lilja Sigvaldason of Viðir, Man., daughter of Sigurður Sigvaldason and his wife Eggertina Sveinsson received \$650. She is attending 2nd year Science.

Clifford S. Amundson, of Selkirk, Man., son of the late August and Stella Amundson.

Thora Stefansson, daughter of Halldor J. Stefansson and Þrúða Guðmundson Stefansson of Roblin, Man., formerly of Mozart, Sask.

★ ★ ★

Florence Valdína Stefanson of Steep Rock, Man., received a Manitoba Scholarship of \$650. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pálmi Stefanson.

At Baldur, Man., two students received scholarships. They are:

Ólöf Jakobína Magnússon—\$50.
Tryggvi Johnson—\$25.



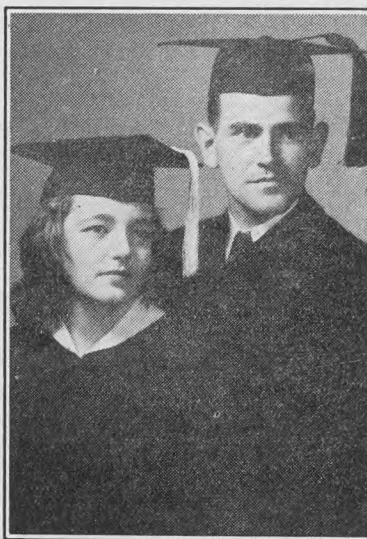
Margaret Cecelia Fredrickson, daughter of Kári Fredrickson and his wife Herdís Jónsdóttir Einarson, received her B.A. degree from the University of Toronto this summer.

★ ★ ★

At the University of Washington three students from Iceland received degrees this summer.



Þorbjörg Dýrleif Árnason, received a Master's degree in nursing. She is the daughter of Árni Jónsson, Skútustöðum, Mývatn, and his wife Auður Gísladóttir Asmundsson. She is a graduate in nursing from the Bispebjerg Hospital in Copenhagen, Denmark. She has a certificate in Public Health and B.Sc. degree from the University of Washington. She is now supervisor in Public Health at the Seattle Health Dept., in Washington.



Þór Guðjónsson and his wife **Elsa E.**, both received degrees from the University of Washington. Þór Guðjónsson is the son of Guðjón Guðlaugsson and

his wife Margrét Einarisdóttir, Iceland. In February 1944 he received B.Sc. degree and this summer his M.Sc.

His wife is the daughter of Halldór

Eiríkson and Elly Schepler Eiríkson. She received a B.A. degree in Home Economics. Mr. and Mrs. Guðjónsson have left for Iceland.



MR. & MRS. ROY VERNON AND THEIR CHILDREN

Toronto, since it includes the important Toronto Conservatory of music, headed by Sir Ernest McMillan, is recognized as the chief musical centre of Canada.

We are happy to say that several Icelanders have won distinction there in the field of music. Amongst them are: Ethelwyn Rosa Vernon and Dorothy

Helga Mary Vernon, who have won respectively a silver and gold medal for singing. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Vernon. They are the pupils of their mother, Rose Hermanson Vernon, a prominent soloist, who for several years has been teaching voice culture in Toronto.



Lorraine Fecteau

Lorraine Fecteau, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. (Anna Thorvaldson) Fecteau, another pupil of Mrs. Vernon, won a silver medal this summer for singing at Toronto East Festival.

★ ★ ★

Pearl Palmason Murch and Palmi Palmason violinists, and Bill Vopni, French horn player, are members of the symphony orchestra.

★ ★ ★

Alda Palsen is studying at the Conservatory on a scholarship. Ethel Guðlaugson daughter of Magnús Guðlaugson and Ólína Johnson Guðlaugson of Clairemont, Alta., is studying at the Conservatory, majoring in Piano and taking composition and singing. She also teaches piano.

Book Review

★

Iceland's Thousand Years

Just off the press is a book under the above caption, which presents in clear and concise English a panoramic view of the leading events and personages of Icelandic history. A volume such as this will indeed be a welcome addition to any library. Repeatedly voices have been heard regretting the fact that material on Icelandic history and Icelandic characters is not available in English for popular reading. This book succeeds admirably in filling that need. It consists of the thirteen lectures on the History and Literature of Iceland, given last season at the Icelandic Canadian Evening School. The material was edited by Professor Skuli Johnson, and there is a foreword by Hólmfríður Danielson, chairman of the publication committee.

The lecturers were: Ingibjörg Jónsson, Rev. V. J. Eylands, Dr. R. Beck, Rev. H. E. Johnson, Rev. P. M. Pétursson, Steina J. Sommerville, Hólmfríður Danielson, Prof. Skuli Johnson and Capt. W. Kristjanson; and they spoke under the following headings: A Geographical Sketch of Iceland; The Colonization of Iceland; The Classical Literature of Iceland; The Old Icelandic Republic; The Introduction of Christianity; The Colonization of Greenland and the Discovery of America; Snorri Sturluson; The Sturlunga Age; The Dark Ages in Iceland, Hallgrímur Pétursson; The Period of Awakening and Enlightenment; Icelandic Literature of the Nineteenth Century; and Freedom and Progress.

Dipping into the past, the lecturers have been successful in bringing forth from the pages of the Sagas and Icelandic Annals the leading figures and events, and in making them live. The finished series makes a very readable, consecutive story.

Even those who do not care for history will enjoy reading this book. It is packed with information, but not

of a dry tabular or statistical nature. The names of the contributors assure the reader that the material is authentic and presented in a manner both vigorous and interesting. There is a distinct advantage in the lectures being by a number of people, for as the reader is carried to each new theme he is stimulated and intrigued by the variation of color and tempo in each individual style; and yet there is an over-all smooth blending of substance which makes the book uniform. On the whole the writing shows a remarkable economy of words; this is an art for which the Saga writers have long been lauded, and which is well worth cultivating.

It is evident even at a glance that the contents of this book have been selected and planned with discriminate judgment and foresight throughout; and there will be a quick and ready agreement among the readers that here is a production that is thoroughly enjoyable and an invaluable source of reference. There is no doubt that an effort of this nature was long overdue. All honor to those who had the initiative and vision to launch this project, and who had the energy to accomplish in so short a time such a valuable achievement as this book promises to be.

It is a noteworthy fact that the majority of the lecturers are Icelandic Canadians, born in this country. That they have had the inclination and the enthusiasm to undertake this important task augurs well for the continued perpetuation of their cultural heritage.

"Iceland's Thousand Years" is published under the auspices of The Icelandic Canadian Club and the Icelandic National League, and printed at the Columbia Press. The book is 172 pages, printed on fine quality paper, with twenty-four illustrations, many of them full page reproductions. The price is \$1.50, postpaid. **Gissur Eliasson**

Two Solitudes

By **HUGH MacLENNAN**

In the last analysis, every human soul lives a life of solitude. The most articulate of us is never really understood even by those nearest to him. Each individual is set apart from the rest of humanity by a barrier which pity, desire and even love cannot surmount. This is the theme of Hugh MacLennan's latest book, *Two Solitudes*. More accurately, it should be called "Many Solitudes." The inner life of even the most minor characters is drawn with remarkable accuracy and understanding.

The first half of the book is devoted largely to the life of Athanase Tallard, the father of Paul, who is nominally the hero. In my estimation this is by far the best part of the story. Athanase Tallard was a French Canadian with the background of a European education. He was a member of parliament, a man more concerned with the nation as a whole than with the interests of his own small group. Because he sided against the French Canadians on the conscription issue in the first world war, his own people turned against him and he failed to win the respect of the English speaking group. He died a failure and a bankrupt. His own people regarded him as a traitor, while the majority of others remembered him only as "a funny old man." Only a few realized the real tragedy of his life.

The thing that makes this a signi-

ficant book, is the way the author deals with the struggle between the two races in Quebec. Both sides are handled with understanding and sympathy. You may despise the insularity and bigotry of the village priest, Father Beaubien and of Marius Tallard, the elder son of Athanase, but you realize their sincerity. You may not like the business tycoon, Huntley McQueen, or Janet Methuen, Heather's selfish and inhibited mother, but you see how they came to be what they were.

The author is not so happy in his delineation of the two principal characters. This may be because at the close of the book, they are still really at the beginning of their lives. They have found each other and are married, but their living happily ever after is not within the realm of possibility. The story ends with Paul's enlisting at the opening of World War 2. None of their problems are solved. Even Paul's book is not completed. Though the author uses Paul to voice a number of most pertinent observations on life and art in Canada, still he is only Hugh MacLennan's mouth piece and not as real a person as some of the other characters. The story simply runs out. This may be only my personal reaction. Certainly it is a very minor criticism of a most worth while book. *Two Solitudes* is most certainly the outstanding Canadian novel of the year. In the estimate of one American reviewer it is one of the outstanding novels published in the English language during 1945.

Helen Sigurdson

Books Recently Off The Press

Iceland's Thousand Years, Edited by Prof. Skuli Johnson, reviewed in this issue.

Lutherans in Canada, By Rev. V. J. Eylands.

Á Heiðarbrún, Poems, by Dr. Sveinn E. Björnson.

Sólheimar. Poems, by Einar P. Johnson.

Icelandic: Grammar, Texts, Glossary, by Dr. Stefan Einarson.

Saga Íslendinga í Vesturheimi, by Þorsteinn P. Þorsteinsson, 3 volumes.

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